2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

The chewing of 49
betel-nut is the first gesture of hospitality and the main social 574
pastime of the entire archipelago. To chew betel, a piece of the 276
green nut of the betel palm is dabbed with a little lime, wrapped in pepper leaves, *sirih*, and the whole chewed together with a large wad of shredded tobacco that is held under a monstrously protruding lower lip. The combination of betel, *sirih*, and lime produces an abundant flow of saliva, red as blood, and the betel addict spits constantly, leaving crimson splotches wherever he goes. After certain guests departed, our house boy always had to wash the veranda steps because they looked as if a murder had been committed on them. Today betel-chewing is not favoured 276
by the younger generation, not only because it looks so disagree- [178]
able, but because it spoils the teeth. The older the person, the fonder he is of betel, and the ingredients are always kept on hand in boxes with little compartments or in special satchels of woven pandanus. Old men without teeth have a special bamboo tube [886]
with an iron rod to mash the various ingredients together. The *sirih*, betel, and lime are presented to guests in little ready-made [431]
packages often beautifully decorated with streamers of delicately cut-out palm-leaf. They are called *tjanang* or *baséh*, a gift.

A host must act as servant to his guests, himself attending to 574
their comfort and not partaking of the refreshments. Meals are 264
also served by the host, even if he has servants and assistants, and he can eat only after the guests have finished. If the visitors come from another village, they are expected to stay for the night and even for days at a time. The place of honour in the house is then assigned to them. After a reasonable period of time the visit is repaid and the presents reciprocated.

Very strict are the rules between men and women. On public 562
occasions men and women keep to themselves in separate groups, 576
and people from Gianyar are shocked to see the sexes mingle in Badung while watching a show. In the same manner the people of Badung are disgusted because in Tabanan men and women [515]
bathe near together. It is rude to look into a public bath and even worse to enter it unless to bathe. Then the other bathers become figuratively invisible.

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

474 575 [345] [423] halls, the *balé bandjar*, a club-house without special religious significance, with its drum-tower to call to meetings. The *balé bandjar* is provided with a kitchen and with all sorts of cooking-implements: pots and pans, chopping-blocks, knives, etc., which [422] are lent to members who require them. The *bandjars* also own the village orchestras and the dancing-properties — costumes, masks, and head-dresses — which are stored in a *gedong*, a brick building where they are safe from theft or fire.

517 575 The men spend most of their spare time in the *balé bandjar*, gossiping, trying out their fighting cocks, watching a rehearsal of a play or of the orchestra, or just sitting. If the *bandjar* is prosperous, it takes great pride in giving elaborate banquets with music and entertainment. These may happen at the great national festivals, at the anniversary of their little *bandjar* temple, or at the inauguration of a new roof, a new orchestra or dancing-group. But also the private festivals of the members become *bandjar* affairs, and *bandjars* like Belaluan, where we lived, celebrated 574 252 462 575 [202] feasts with staggering frequency. Only the men may prepare banquet food, and often we were awakened in the middle of the night by the *kulkuls* calling them to kill the turtles and the pigs for a feast. Banquet food takes long to prepare and the animals have to be slaughtered in the middle of the night to ensure the freshness of the meat and of the sauces in the difficult climate of Bali. After two in the morning before a feast everybody was busy; the men chopping meat, cooking, scraping coconuts, building sheds and altars; the women carrying water, making offerings, cutting out ornaments of palm-leaf or wrapping individual packages of *sirih* and betel for the guests.

574 517 By noon the banquet took place, the men sitting in the *balé bandjar* in two long rows facing each other with their individual mountains of rice, pig, and turtle meats served in large squares of banana leaf, drinking *tuak* and making loud jokes. When the [515] [264] meal was over, *kendis* of water were passed so that the guests could wash their hands and mouths. The rest of the day and

517

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

342 coconut wood. Generally one or two sides of the *balé* are protected by a low wall and between the house posts are built-in [352] beds or platforms of wood with springs of bamboo, also called [574] *balés*, where distinguished guests sit cross-legged to eat, or where, [513] with a mattress added and screened by a curtain, they are put up for the night.

512 In Belaluan everybody was up even before the first rays of the
231 sun outlined the jagged tops of the coconut palms, awakened by the raucous crowings of the fighting cocks. In the indigo semi-darkness of the dawn the women were busily sweeping the yard and bringing water from the village spring. The first thought of the men was for their pets; to line up the bell-shaped cages of the fighting cocks out on the road by the gate so that the roosters might "amuse themselves watching people go by." The cages of the cooing doves were strung up on high poles for them to enjoy the morning air and the sunshine, and the flocks of pigeons, trained to fly in circles over the house, were released for their morning exercise. As protection from birds of prey, they had small brass bells around their necks that produced various humming sounds as they flew round and round until they tired, when they came down to be fed.

512 After a refreshing bath the men started for the fields without
[515] breakfast, taking along a snack – rice boiled inside of little
[264] diamond-shaped containers of palm-leaf called *ketipat*. More substantial food was taken to them later if they had to remain in the fields all day, but they returned at noon for lunch if there was not much work or if the sawas were near. Meanwhile the women fetched sheaves of unhusked rice from the granary, spread them on the ground to dry in the sun, filled the *gebah* – the large water-basin in the kitchen – and started the fire for the day's cooking.
[343] A kitchen is a simple roof of coarse thatch supported by four posts, with a bamboo platform at one end – the kitchen table – and a primitive mud stove at the other. Often a crude figure is
532 modelled out of the same clay of which the hearth is made to
778

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

ing was placed on the ground. Nobody cared, however, since they were intended for evil spirits, which might, perhaps, be embodied in the dogs.

There were no set meal hours and they ate whenever they felt hungry. A little before noon the men returned from work after

Manner of Drinking
(design scratched on a bamboo drinking-bottle)

taking a bath in the spring or in a river and sat casually somewhere near the kitchen, often turning their backs silently on each other because a person who is eating should not be spoken to. Each was given his portion of rice with its complementary sauce in a square of banana leaf which he held in the hollow of the left hand while the right acted as spoon and fork. The use of dishes and cutlery is to the Balinese an unclean and repulsive foreign habit. Balinese who use plates invariably place a square

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

of banana leaf over them. When finished, the leaf dishes were simply thrown to the pigs; no dishes were left to wash. A *kendih* of water was passed around after the meal, each drinking in turn and at a distance from it, letting a continuous jet of water fall into the open mouth, the lips never touching the spout. (When we tried to drink like the Balinese we succeeded only in choking or drenching ourselves.) The mouth and fingers were rinsed, and after emitting a loud belch of satisfaction the men took a nap or went to the *balé bandjar* to chat before resuming work. Generally the women ate after the men were finished, then fed the pigs, and spent the rest of the afternoon weaving, threshing rice, or simply delousing each other, a great social pastime.

For a while it seemed as if the art of hand weaving would be wrecked by the ever increasing importation of foreign cloth. Chinese silk thread was hard to obtain, aniline dyes gave brighter hues and were infinitely easier to handle than the old vegetable dyes, and Japanese rayon for a few cents a yard looked almost like real silk. In later years, however, the affluence of tourists has increased the market for Balinese handicrafts and many women derive an income from selling garish brocades. On our second visit the women of our household took to weaving and every afternoon the characteristic rhythmic sounds of many looms came from all directions.

On the Balinese loom (*prabot tennun*) the warp is stretched between a heavy wooden structure (*tjetjaga* and *pendalan*) and a sort of yoke (*épor*) shaped like a Cupid's bow held by the woman's back. After the bamboo spindle (*tunda*) has gone through the warp, the weave is tightened with a long ruler (*belida*) of polished hard wood that slides over a bamboo drum (*pengrorogan*), while the threads are separated with a bamboo tube (*bungbunggan*) provided with little bells that jingle at every move. Thus the work is made easier by the rhythmical sequence of three sounds: the tinkling of the bells, the sound of the hollow bamboo as it is struck by the ruler, and the energetic double knock to tighten the weave. Weaving is the main

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

the husk by swishing it around in flat bamboo trays, the centrifugal force throwing the chaff towards the outside.

Everybody bathed again when the work for the day was done; by then the sun had begun to set and the atmosphere had cooled, so it was time to put on clean clothes, *tjempaka* blossoms in the women's hair, great hibiscus behind the ears of the men, and to go visiting or take a stroll and be admired. Back from work, the men sat in groups at the gates or in the middle of the road talking and fondling their fighting cocks until the sun dropped behind the curtain of coconut palms. Sunset [2] comes suddenly in the tropics and in a few seconds it was night, when the lamps were lit and it was time to eat dinner, the cold food left from lunch. There were many ways of spending an evening; elderly men fond of *tuak*, palm beer, belonged to "*tuak* associations" and met at the *balé bandjar*, summoned by a special tomtom. Or if there was a rehearsal of the village orchestra or a meeting at the *balé bandjar*, the men sat talking things over until they were tired, going to bed about nine or ten. But if there was a feast in the neighbourhood, or one of the frequent theatrical performances, the whole family went to watch the show, remaining until it was over, long after midnight.

BALINESE COOKING

Although the daily meal was frugal, the Balinese seemed exceptionally well fed, and people were always nibbling at some-

[2] The Balinese divide the day into eight periods (*dauh*) established by the position of the sun in the sky:

"One o'clock" (*dauh pisan*)	about 6 a.m., when the sun appears behind the trees.
"Two o'clock" (*dauh roh*)	about 8 a.m.
"Three o'clock" (*dauh telú*)	10 a.m.
"Four o'clock" (*dauh tepat*)	at noon.
"Five o'clock" (*dauh lima*)	about 2 p.m.
"Six o'clock" (*dauh nam*)	at 4 p.m.
"Seven o'clock" (*dauh pitú*)	at 6 p.m., when the sun goes down.
"Eight o'clock" (*dauh kutus*)	when it grows dark and the lamps are lit.

Generally the Balinese simply point to the place of the sun in the sky to indicate an hour. The night is divided thus: from sunset (*penalekan*), then midnight (*tenggah lemang*), to *galang tanah*, before dawn, when the earth becomes visible. Friederich mentions that in Badung there was a special *kulkul* in a clock-tower in which the hours were struck.

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

301 [304] receive the large rolls of *lontar* leaf for everyday or their replicas of gold (*subang*) for feasts. The *subangs* are hollow conical cylinders of beaten gold three inches long by one in diameter, closed at one end, imitating in shape the palm-leaf *subang*. Only girls wear them and after marriage they consider the wearing of *subangs* a coquetry that is out of place, although married women of high caste may wear them at feasts. Rings of gold set with rubies are popular, but the most fashionable today are those set with an English gold guinea. Bracelets are in good taste only if made of gold and tortoise-shell set with rubies, star sapphires, or little diamonds.

515 The Balinese are as fastidious in the care of their bodies as they are about dress, and people of all classes, conditions permitting, make almost a cult of cleanliness. They bathe frequently during the day, whenever they feel hot or after strenuous work, but two baths a day are the rule, in the morning and evening, before each meal.

368 Many villages have formal baths with separate compartments for men and women, divided by carved stone walls and provided with water-spouts in the shape of fantastic animals, or simple natural pools or streams fitted with bamboo pipes and low walls.

515 Often the favourite bathing-place is a shallow spot in the river where men on one side, women on the other, squat on the water, remaining for a long time in animated conversation, scrubbing themselves with pumice stone that removes superfluous hair and invigorates the skin, or rubbing their backs with a rough stick or against a large stone placed there for the purpose. In a river near Gianyar we often saw a group of women sitting in the water in a circle, their feet radiating from the centre, gossiping until after dark.

515 576 There are strict rules of etiquette for bathing-places; for example, sexual parts should be concealed even among persons of the same sex. A man simply covers himself with one hand not to offend his fellow bathers. It would be unthinkable for a man to

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

look deliberately at a nude woman although she may be bathing within sight of everybody in the irrigation ditch along the road. It is customary to give some indication of one's presence on approaching a public bath. Women wade into the water raising

their skirts to a respectable level, a little above the knee, and after considering the possibilities of the place sit suddenly in the water, quickly taking off the skirt. The process is reversed in getting out of the water: the skirt which has been lying on a stone or held in one hand, is gathered up in front of the bather and dropped like a curtain as she stands up. She wraps it around her hips and walks off without bothering to dry herself.

Besides the ordinary village bathing-places there are sacred pools and bath-houses, some of which have magic or curative

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

515 qualities. There it is customary to leave a small offering for the
368 spirit of the spring before bathing. The most famous of these is
778 the sacred pool of Tirta Empul in Tampaksiring, one of the
[782] holiest temples of Bali, where a special compartment has been
[841] devised for menstruating women.

302 The Balinese admire a smooth, clear skin the colour of gold,
[826] and pretty girls have a mortal dread of being sunburned, so they do not like to go unnecessarily into the sun. The skin is kept in condition by rubbing and massaging while bathing, afterwards anointing the body with coconut oil and *boreh*, a yellow paste that refreshes the skin when hot or gives it warmth after exposure to the rain. *Boreh* is made of mashed leaves, flowers, aromatic roots, cloves, nutmeg, and tumeric (*kunyit*) for colouring.

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

sardines, dressed in fancy costumes, many young men in absurd versions of European clothes, the girls wearing their brightest silks and their best gold flowers in their hair. After visiting the village temple the gay groups went to the many feasts held on this and the following days all over the island. At the time the peculiar monsters called *barong* — a great fleece of long hair with a mask and gilt ornaments, animated by two men — were "loose" and free to go wherever they pleased. Everywhere on the road one met the cavorting holy *barongs*, who had become foolish for the day, dancing down the roads and paths, followed breathlessly by their orchestras and attendants.

In the temple of Gelgel, the former capital, there was a great feast where plays were given and violent "kris dances" were staged — when crazed men in a trance pretended to stab themselves and tore live chickens with their teeth to show their wickedness; but a more serene feast was celebrated in the jungle temple near the summit of the Batukau. There the mountain people brought offerings to the Batukau spirit while the Elders prepared the banquet in the spring underneath giant tree-ferns; performing afterwards a majestic *baris* dance, each dressed in black and white magic cloth, mimicking a stately battle with their long spears.

Ten days after *galunggan* came the day *kuninggan*, when new offerings and new *lamaks* were made and coconut husks were burned in front of every gate. This was the date of the temple feast of *Tirta Empul*, the sacred baths near Tampaksiring, and all morning people bathed unashamed in the purifying waters, men on one side, women on the other, after leaving an offering for the deity of the spring. They turned their backs on the crowd, unconcerned under the spouts, each of which is supposed to have a special purifying or curative quality. Eventually the local prince arrived with his wives and with an impressive retinue of servants. Also the *barongs* of the district came prancing down the hills to offer their respects and snap their jaws while a *pemangku* offered their prayers, manifesting their tem-

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

The priest has first to purify himself thoroughly by reciting cleansing *mantras* for each action of his morning toilet. He washes his hair, rinses his mouth, polishes his teeth, and rinses his mouth again; washes his face, bathes, rubs his hair with oil, combs it, and then dresses. For each move he has to recite a short *mantra*, one for each garment he wears.

Meantime on a high platform his wife has arranged his paraphernalia (*upakara*): trays with flowers (night-blooming flowers if the ceremony is to take place at night), gold or silver vessels containing grains of rice and sandalwood powder, his holy-water container (*siwamba*) with a silver sprinkler (*sesirat*) and a long-handled ladle, (*tjanting*), his prayer bell (*gantha*), an incense-burner (*pasepan*), and a bronze oil lamp (*pedamaran*). Put away in baskets at one side of where the priest will sit are the attributes of Siwa he will wear during the ceremony: the *bawa*, a bell-shaped mitre of red felt with applications of beaten gold and topped by a crystal ball, the "shimmer of the sun" (*surya-kanta*), and a number of strings of *genitri* seeds (ear-rings, bracelets, neck and breast beads) ornamented with pieces of gold set with *linggas* of crystal, phallic symbols.[8]

Once seated cross-legged among the *upakara*, the priest proceeds to purify his person; he lays a prayer cloth over his lap and with his hands on his knees he mumbles a formula and asks of Batara Siwa to descend into the water-vessel and into his body. He stretches his hands over the incense smoke, uncovers the tray in front of him, and mumbles the *mantra asta mantra*, the hand-cleansing formula, rubs the palms of his hands with a flower and sandalwood powder, "wiping out impurity," and recites a formula for each finger as it is passed over the palm of each hand, taking flowers which he holds over the incense smoke

[8] These are the attributes of the *pedanda siwa*; the *pedanda bodda's* holy water vessel is called *pamandiyanga*, and in place of flowers for praying he uses a "thunderbolt," a *badjra* of bronze identical with those used by the Tibetan lamas and the priests of the Shingon Buddhist sect of Japan. He has a sort of banner on a stand made of bronze which is turned successively to the four winds during the course of the ceremony. The *pedanda bodda* wears his hair loose and remains throughout the service with his head uncovered.

3: Belo E-5 (1931-1939) 1953 OF7 Bali OF7

But the bowl can be replenished again and
796 again, simply by adding (*antoenin*) ordinary water from the temple's
[798] jar, mixing it with the few remaining drops of the *banjoen tjokor*, which make it holy.

[782] When a woman comes bearing a baby into the temple, she brings a special offering to be offered at a special shrine. The child, until it has
[784] had its three-months-old celebration (*samboetan*) may not enter the
[852] temple. But at the first *odalan* following this ceremony the baby is brought to the temple, where his mother or aunt makes the obeisance
[782] for him at the shrine of Ratoe Ngeroerah, offering a *tipat dampoelan*. Other special offerings may be brought at this time to the gods. At this
796 *odalan*, for instance, a woman who had been ill fulfilled the promise she
784 had made to the gods if she should be cured. These "promised" offerings (*penaoeran*, *sesangi*, *sesaoedan*) also may be chosen at will. In this case there were two tall *djerimpen* (5 feet high), *pengoelapan pengambéan*, *peras adjengan sesantoen*, and a pair of silver flower ornaments for the headdresses of the gods of Nagasari. When they had been offered, the silver flowers were added to the natural ones adorning the crowns of the little figures. Another woman brought a *penaoeran* of *djadja koes-koes* (cakes) with an "essence" of 150 cash; this she had promised to the gods when her cow was lost, and as she came upon it in a neighboring village, she could do no less than to fulfill her promise at the subsequent visit of the gods to their temple.

Now the women, when they had received holy water, could take their offerings home again, with the exception of the special offerings such as the *djerimpen* and the silver flowers. Those who had brought *adjoeman* carried them away, the poorer only by the two *tjanangs* (little trays of betel) left on the shrine of the gods.

In the temple the coming and going of women bearing offerings, the groups of women and children kneeling to be blessed, the priest busy dedicating the voluntary offerings, the players of the *gamelan* (orchestra)
[533] assembling, made a scene of riotous color and confusion. All the people,
[205] all the *pengajah*, would shortly be called by the loud beat of the *koel-koel*. When all had gathered, the orchestra would begin to play, and the gods taken down from their "seat" to be ceremonially escorted to the bathing-place (*bédji*).

Procession to the bath (Ke bédji)

796 It was the hour near sunset when all the Balinese of the warm regions
[515] go to the bathing-place (*kajeh*). The word covers the two activities of "having a bath" and "fetching water" to be carried home to the house.
[776] At the *odalan*, the identical pattern is followed. The gods are escorted to the bathing-place for their bath, and water is brought back to the temple. In the village of Sajan, the gods of the different temples go

3: Belo E-5 (1931-1939) 1953 OF7 Bali OF7

CHAPTER FOUR

DAYS FOLLOWING THE ODALAN

First day (Manis odalan)

*796 [515] a. m. Awakening; dressing the gods (*Tetangi*; *ngiasin betara*): As soon as it was light, the priest rose, took water from the temple jar, washed his face, rinsed out his mouth, and shaking out his long hair, bound it up again in the white headcloth. Then he attended to the gods' toilet. Offering them first the brazier, to rouse them (*tetangi*), then their toilet set (*pebersihan*) with the *rantasan* and *tjanang rébong*, he continued to dress them (*mijasan*) by removing the fading flowers in the headdresses of the little figures, and replacing them with fresh ones. These attentions are given to the gods every morning of their stay in the temple.

*796 182 Sharing of offerings (*Ngedoem*): Towards the middle of the morning, members from each household in the *bandjar* came to the temple to receive their shares of the *piodalan* offerings from the day before. The cooked rice, meat, cakes, and fruit were laid out in little piles on all the stands and platforms, in fair division — if a man got an egg in his share, then he did not get a coconut. In every sort of basket and odd leaf-container they bore away the rather dreary looking remains of last night's feast.

And then had to begin the preparation of a new set of offerings (*penganjaran*) which have to be placed in every shrine on each of the days succeeding the *odalan*. They consist of food (*adjengan*) and betel (*tjanang*). The old woman, wife of the priest of Nagasari, went about [887] placing these offerings within the doors of all the little shrines built like [1078] houses, and in the covered openings of the pillar-like stone shrines, on the throne of Soerja and the central pavilion (*Pepelik*), the two *Panggoengans*, and even to the outlying shrines of Melanting and Gelogor, the Market Goddess and Watersprite, she went to sprinkle a few drops of water and to deliver the refreshments.

The women and girls had also to make a fresh set of *péndètan* offerings to be given to all the gods in the evening, when there would again be dancing (*méndèt*) for their entertainment.

*796 541 p. m. Cockfight (*Metadjèn*): In the early afternoon, the men of the *bandjar* returned to the temple, this time bearing baskets from which peeped the heads of their favorite fighting cocks. A crowd of several hundred men squatted down in the space outside the temple gate (*djaban poera*). Bringing a cock is compulsory for each man. The fine is ten [689] *képèngs* if he does not bring or send one, and five *képèngs* if his cock does

3: Belo E-5 (1931-1939) 1953 OF7 Bali OF7

women in charge of offerings if they had ready the live chicken and duck for the coming ceremony. They said not, and sent someone off to fetch them. The priest lay back and took another nap.

Very soon the people on the pavilion where the *gamelan* instruments stood rose one by one, and wandered outside the temple. Some small boys rearranged the instruments which had been pushed out of position to make room for the sleepers. They began to play. The wife of the assisting priest lighted the fire in the brazier. The priest rose, washed his face and mouth, and sat down to enjoy a quid of betel. The old priest also crawled out from his place — he had taken shelter from the chill dawn by rolling over under the offering platform beside which he slept. He too washed his face and rearranged his clothes.

When at last the duck and the chicken had arrived, they were tied in little leaf-baskets to either end of a carrying-pole, together with a coconut, a parcel of cooked rice (*ketipat*), betel leaves, areca nuts, bananas, skewered meat (*saté*). This is an offering called *tegen-tegenan* (*salaran*), from the carrying pole (*tegen* is to carry on a pole across the shoulder). The pole here is not an ordinary one, but a piece of green *dadap* wood. It should be carried by a man, they say.

It was six o'clock before they were ready to begin. The sun had risen, and people were calling, "It's late!" (*Soeba lingsir*) rather anxiously, for, as the priest said, the gods really should be put away before the dawn.

The slit-gong was beaten, the *gegalochs* were taken down from the pavilion and given into the care of two little girls aged seven and eight. Others girls and women carried the *bebaktan*, water-vessels, brazier, *rantasan*, etc., and the ceremonial spears and parasols. A procession formed, and crossed the court to the throne of Soerja. The priest prayed, ringing his bell: "Lord Gods, Prince Lord God Soerja, and Betara Siwa, and all the Gods, Lord Holy God of here (Nagasari), now you are asked to be put away (*mesimpen*) together with the *widiadara-widiadari*; here is a going-away-present (*bebandaran*) of a duck and a chicken, may those who follow you go home."

Sending home with an offering of betel; taking leave (*Ngeloerang tjanang*; *mepamit*): The assistants sprinkled and spilled from the water-vessels, then the procession went in single file around the throne of Soerja, a woman laying down on each corner of it a *kwangèn* (a cone of betel, flowers, and money) as she passed. The people in the procession shouted loudly as they went around, and the priest set off a string of firecrackers to add to the din. They went around three times, going to the left (counter-clockwise). This is called "taking leave of Betara Soerja" (*mepamit di Betara Soerja*).

The priest then led the procession to the *Panggoengan*, and before it the women sprinkled and spilled from the water-vessels. Here again they

6: Belo E-5 (1931-1934) 1935
OF7 Bali OF7

mine visited the temple on that day, accompanied by his two wives and two children, approximately eight and ten years old. All carried offerings and supplies of food and betel for the journey, but no member of the little group could be said to be heavily laden. They started "in the hour before dawn," which would be about five o'clock in the morning. When I arrived at the temple by motor they were seated outside taking their meal, having already made their prayers and presented their offerings. Shortly afterward they must have started homeward, for I passed them on my return, proceeding at an even steady pace along the road. At half-past three in the afternoon they reached home, apparently not the least exhausted by their walk of over fifty miles, as registered on the speedometer of my car. Even if one assumes that they spent only half-an-hour at the temple, they covered the fifty miles in ten hours, averaging certainly no less than five miles an hour. The road led up and down over several steep hills, and at least half of the way through arid fields, with no tree to give shade. This family, whose expedition I was able to time, was only one of hundreds visiting the temple on that day, and their excursion was in no sense unusual.

Physical Exertion and Well-Being

A great part of the land lying between the high mountain district and the shore is formed in longitudinal ridges which run parallel to each other, and no great distance apart. Between these ridges are the steep-walled ravines, where the rivers flow, and where are found most of the drinking and bathing springs. Villages are apt to be placed on the high ground, so that in inter-village traffic, walkers going North and South follow an easy up or down grade along the top of the ridge. But a person travelling East and West finds many a steep climb and precipitous descent along his path. Every member of the family is accustomed to go down at least once a day to the river or the bathing-place for his bath, and many must climb up and down several times in a day—the women and girls carrying water for household needs, the men going to and fro in their work in the steeply terraced rice-fields, the small boys escorting their special charges, the ducks and the water buffalo, down from the dry ground for their daily immersion. Mothers carry babies on their hips, at the same time balancing a forty-pound jar of water on their heads, yet never do they waver in their erect posture nor vary their slow even pace on the steep and often slippery incline. Little girls of five

6: Belo E-5 (1931-1934) 1935
OF7 Bali OF7

857 or six already carry a coconut-shell full of water on their heads. Little girls of five
482 Gradually the weight of water is increased, until, on reaching maturity, the slender girl can manage as heavy a load as her mother and aunts. Neither do the aged women shirk the task. Kintil,
887 whom I judged to be no less than sixty, and who lacked only a few
482 months of being a great-grandmother, made the daily descent of more than two hundred feet along an almost vertical trail, and, in wet weather or dry, never failed to carry up her jar of water. She would, I believe, hate to give up carrying water, for that would constitute an admission of her failing strength.

753 There is an undercurrent of superstition in the Balinese mind that
[461] to "give up" will *cause* weakness, and increased vulnerability to the dangers of illness. For illness is conceived as imposed from the outside by malevolent forces, which lurk everywhere, ready to rush into the body of anyone whose strength and purity (both physical and spiritual) are for the time below the normal, outbalanced by the share of weakness and impurity which form a part of every human being. That is why people who have undergone a trying ordeal are not spared and pampered, but urged to get up and go on as if nothing had happened to them. Women who have just given birth to a child
846 go down to the river for their bath as soon as the three days of
783 sequestration within the house are passed; and this sequestration (during the period of "uncleanness" following the birth) is as much to protect the village from contamination by the mother and child as to protect the latter from the attacks of evil spirits, to which they are especially vulnerable at this time. Rantoen went down to her bath as soon as she could walk following an exhausting bout of fever, and she attempted to carry up her jar of water, although the
[757] household was well supplied. Probably this unnecessary exertion brought on the relapse—she fell down on the trail, then clambered up with her empty jar and went to bed for several more days. But
• 515 the desire for the daily bath is so strong in the Balinese who dwell in the hot regions that they will take any risks rather than forego it. The bath at the end of a long day in the heat is considered essential to the feeling of well-being within the body. "If I have my bath, I shall feel well," argues the Balinese, even in illness. And Rantoen undoubtedly believed she would regain her strength more quickly if she carried up the jar of water.

757 The same refusal to admit weakness and to spare the sick person was shown in two cases which I witnessed. A boy fainted, and

6: Belo E-5 (1931-1934) 1935
OF7 Bali OF7

The feeling of modesty—no other words seems to apply—attached to eating does not apply to drinking, and anyone will drink anywhere, without making a fuss about it. Similarly no shame is felt for urinating, which is done by both men and women along the public roads, in the open fields, anywhere except within the housecourt or on holy ground. But for defecating the people retire to relative privacy, "where the pigs are," out of sight. The many pigs and dogs act as scavengers, and may be relied upon to do away with all the filth.

Where there are gushing springs, bathing places are constructed, with walls dividing off the place of the women from that of the men. When the rivers are used for bathing, the sexes divide into groups, the men taking the upstream position, the women the downstream. But within each group modesty is shown, and the genitals may not be exposed even to a member of the same sex. The men cover themselves with one hand, the women lift their skirts gradually, and suddenly plunge waist deep in the water. Dressing and undressing may be done in public by both men and women, for their clothes are of such a nature that they can be changed without immodesty.[9]

Manifestations of the Emotional Life

The Balinese are universally afraid in the dark, and the fear of *léjaks*, living male and female sorcerers in supernatural form, is intensified between the hours of midnight and dawn, when these creatures are supposed to roam. Even grown boys and men will not visit at night unholy places such as the graveyard, the crossroads, certain trees and bridges where supernatural manifestations are frequent. They are afraid to walk along the dark village streets at night, unless accompanied, but if a man must go alone he sings in a loud voice to frighten away the *léjaks*, or to keep his spirits up. His housecourt is his haven. The encircling clay walls, the high ceremonial entrance gate, and the magic strip of wall immediately within this gate (to block the path of evil spirits) give him a feeling a security, sleeping upon the open pavilions. But he prefers not to sleep alone. If he has passed the age when he wishes to sleep next his wife, he will take one or two of his little sons to bed with him. Small children sleep with their parents, grandparents, or huddle in a group together.

[9] For the breasts, of course, the women show no modesty at all. It is only the region from the knees to the waist which must never be exposed. The Balinese feel about exposure of the thighs of women as Westerners feel about their breasts, and a woman in a Western bathing suit is extremely shocking to them for that reason.